A DIVERTING

DIALOGUE,

BOTH

BRITISH MUSEUM

Serious and Comical,

That happened the other day between a noted SHOEMAKER and his WIFE, living in this neighbourhood.

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A diverting DIALOGUE between a noted Shoemaker and his Wife.

WIFE.

I WONDER where my bumbling and cobling numſkul, brainleſs ſap noodle, rambles at this time of night: among his drunken ſots and companions I warrant you. Well I'll ſtroll the ſtreets round to find him: ſome gin ſhop or boozing kep entertains the animal, whilſt I and his children want bread at home. In ſhort I'll go find him out, and if I meet a ſpark by the way, I'll kill two birds with one ſtone, graft a pair of horns on his head; and if he give me a teſter, I'll have ſomething to drink tea along with my goſſips and my neighbours.

Criſpin, at a noted houſe for hmuming beer in the neighbourhood was thumping the empty pot on the table calling for more liquor ſaying,

Landlord be quicker and fill us more liquor,
Wene'er ſhall be hanged for debt.

Wife Hey dey; Mr Spendall, Mr Mendall, Mr Good-for-nothing at all; bad in bed and worſe up; have I found you at laſt, ranting, raving, and roaring for more guzzle, whilſt I and your poor children at home have neither fire, candlelight, nor bread, but are in a ſtarving condition.

Criſpin. Goodwife be pacified, don't expoſe me and yourſelf before this good company, they are all my cuſtomers, I work for them daily and they will help me to more buſineſs.

Wife. Out, you filly oaf, they ſpeak you fair while you treat them, and laugh in their ſleeves at your folly as ſoon as you leave them;

Crispin. Dear wife, sit down, we'll hav but one pot more; twas Robin, Tom, and Harry brought me here, to spend three farthings a-piece and so away.

Wife. Curse on you and them together; those false pretences have ruin'd many a family. Three farthings is the challange of many an idle sot, 'till three as many shillings scarce will pay the shot.

Crisp. Pray my dear, be good humour'd, the landlord and landlady are very civil, kind people.

Wife. The devil confem thinks; if they give you fine words for your money. Ask them to trust you, and see how they will change their looks and their tone.

Crisp. My dear, can you blame them to be courteous to their customers? every body should promote their own trade as well as they can.

Wife. Yes, you drunken sot, I don't blame them, but you, and every idle sot that is deluded by their smooth tongues, to beggar and starve their families, and let their landladies flourish in their rings, lockets, gold chains and, what not, whilst we and children han't bread to eat

Crispin. My dear you are raving; should not every one reap the fruits of their own labour.

Wife. Yes you dog; but I etuhem labour sa I do, spin, wash, or scour, and carry burthens, not lurk and laze on their brawny buttocks; and say now and then, you're kindly welcome Sir, when he has spent all his money.

Crispin. John, I find you are envious and spiteful at the landladies; moderate your passion, I took no money for work to night; but my

landlord will truſt me one full pot to drink and be friends with my wife.

The landlady ſteps up haſtily, ſaying, No, maſter, pray be ruled by your wife; you have had enough; go home along with your ſpouſe; I'll ſend my boy to light you.

Wife. See here, Swill tub, if you have any guts in your brains. Was you at cards or ſkittles, or had a whore along with you, you might drink whilſt you have a tatter about you; but now your money is gone, and your wife here, you can't be truſted one full pot.

Criſp. Pray landlord bring a full pot I ſhall ſeal a pair of ſhoes to morrow, I'll come and pay you.

Wife. By Jove if he does, I'll fling it in your face, and break all the pots, glaſſes, and windows in the houſe, then work you lazy drunken dog to pay for it.

Criſp. Well, I find, the devil himſelf is not able to tame a ſhrew. Here, landlord, is a ſhilling that never ſaw ſun, take your reckoning, and I'll go home with that ſhe Devil, but I'll make her rue that ever ſhe followed me to the ale houſe.

The landlord ſneers and bows to him, ſaying, Pray ſit down a while till your paſſion is over, your wife is for your good, I wiſh to ſee you reconciled before you leave my houſe.

Wife. Death and fury you ſenſeleſs booby, with half an eye you may perceive how this wheedling, diſſembling bite impoſes on your ignorance; now he ſees you have money, you are welcome to ſtay till it is all ſpent; but before it was, Pray maſter, go home with your wife

Crispin. So I will, for I find I shall have no queitness here, but if once I lay hold of my strap, I'll liquor her hide and baste her sides with elbow greese, I'll make her ever repent dogging me like a serpent wherever I go.

Wife. So if you dare you murdering drunken sot; whilst there is a ladle, tongs, pocker, broom plate or trencher in the house, you shall have them about your loggerhead:

Crispin. Come you won't refuse and rebel against me that am your Lord and Master.

Wife. Rather unnatural monster cruel brute tyrant devil, or any thing worse, had I but a name for it.

Crispin. But you know the command, wives obey your husbands in all things.

Wife. And you know, that husbands are to love and cherish their wives.

Crispin. That we do, when we chastise and correct them for their faults 'tis an infalliable token of our love and esteem to reclaim them, when they do amiss. You know I only beat one part of myself when I strike you.

Wife. O Mr Wiseacre, pray for the future beat the other part of myself, and let such charity begin at home.

Crispin. But though you was as near and as dear to me as my right eye or right hand. I am to pluck you out, cut you off, and cast you away, when you become hurtful or offensive to me.

Wife. Out you prophane wretch, no more chopping divinity and logic; I know you would willingly cut me off cast me away, for your glass and your lass, but I'll have a main-

tainance for me and my children, since the law of God and man allows it, or I'll have your bones in a goal; you rogue, you dog, I will so.

Crisp. Hold wife, be not so hot, I'm sure you and your children want for nothing.

Wife. No Swilltub, but what we are sensible of we can't have our due and the landlady's too.

Crispin. Hant you tea every morning, and your gossips round you, with full liberty to slander and tell lies of all our neighbours?

Wife. you lie you villian, we have only a little harmless chat and wash away sorrow with a dish or two of that innocent warm liquor in a cold morning, at the expence of five farthings whilst you among your lewd companions, sets like yourself, fool away as many shillings, then come home beat your wives, and puts the neighbourhood in an uproar.

Crispin. Nay goodwife now you talk of uproars, who bred the tumult and riot about my ears t'other night when you got drunk at the gin shop, and the porter brought you home on his back, with a thousand boys hooping and hallowing after you.

Wife. Base stinking, degrading rogue, only took a dram with a friend, and being fasting, it made me sick and not drunk, you scurvious dog, I have been an honest, chaste, sober, prudent wife to you but i'll be even with you for exposing me thus, yes you rogue, I will so.

Crispin. A woman's revenge I know, is the devil; but sure dear, wife, you don't design to make me a cuckold.

Wife. Perhaps now Sirrah; stick a pin there

Criſpin. Well, be that as it will, I am ſure no one can be more faithful and conſtant to their marriage-bed then I am.

Wife, Yes when you come home drunk, to ſleep, and ſnore, to lye like a dog or a drone, for I am ſure I know no difference between a male or a female bed-fellow in caſe of wedlock.

Criſpin. Fy for ſhame, don't diſgrace yourſelf and me; han't you had a child once a year ſince we have been married.

Wife. Cry you mercy, Gaffer Tumbler there is many beſides you that are beholden to their neighbours, there's another bone for you to pick.

Criſp. Prithee Joan don't take ſo much pains to convince me that you are an arrant whore.

Wife. You lie ſheephead I am as honeſt a woman as any in the pariſh, though I ſay it that ſhould not ſay it.

Criſpin. Perhaps you think all women like yourſelf. But why ſheephead? your actions and diſcourſe would make me believe my horns as long as a ſtags.

Wife. Then you jealous booby ſtay at home mind your buſineſs, and ſave me the labour of getting others to mend your druden.

Criſpin. So ethin it was the t'other day, when I peeped through the key hole I ſaw you and Snyip the taylor play at Nip bap.

Wife. Huſh you fool 'tis many an honeſt man's caſe to ſtand pimp for wives.

Criſpin. As faſhionable as it is, by Jove I'll never bear it: for by the Law harry if ever I catch the ſcurvy dog again at my houſe, I'll lop off his ears with his own ſheers.

Wife. No more of that rascal:
For as oft as you tumble into Featherbed lane,
The taylor and I will—you know what I mean.

Crispin. Dear wife good wife I hope you are not in earnest, you know I never go into Feather-bed lane, but when business calls me there;

Wife. But Sirrah I don't like your business there I well remember, and one would think you should never forget, when your heel tap'd Miss Prue's shoes, she rewarded you with the crackums; when I pawn'd every shred to get you salivated; The noise and din of dear doctor, no more of your blue stone, sounds still in my ears.

Crisp. Dear wife, sweet wife, you know 'tis gentleman like to be touched a little sometimes.

Wife. Egad, then by my consent, such gentlemen should have horns more than ordinary even as high as the monument.

Crisdin: Ah but wife! this is running to to the devil at once.

Wife. Very true love, but you know the sauce that is good for a goose, is good for a gander.

Crispin. My dear I own it, and therefore,
If we hitherto have done amiss,
Let's now amend and seek eternal bless.

Wife. With all my heart.
Here's both my hand and heart,
If ye reform I will in every part;
We'll daily pray for God's assisting grace;
This world we know is no abiding place.
Then let us live in virtue, peace and love,
And God will bless us here, likewise above.

FINIS.